



TO DISTINGUISH PURE LINEN.

When purchasing sheer handkerchiefs those that are pure linen may be readily recognized by moistening the tip of the finger and stretching the fabric over it.

CHILD'S PLAY COAT.

A little child in plum-colored bur-laps played in the park one day this week with a small black kitten decorated with a cream satin bow, which, oddly enough, was of the same shade as the Bedford cord hat which she wore.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Florence Nightingale is seventy-six years old and so broken in health that she can scarcely write a letter, yet she never forgets to send some message to the veterans of the Crimea on the anniversary of a victory, or to remember, at Christmas time, those who are laboring in the institution for training nurses which she founded at St. Thomas's Hospital soon after the close of the war.

WOMEN AGITATING IN CHINA.

The women of China have gone into the business of agitating. They have not yet begun to sigh for suffrage, so far as appears at present, but they do want natural feet, and to this end two societies, the International Women's Union and the Tien Tien Hui, or Natural Feet Society, have combined.

BEAUTIFUL ARMS.

One great trouble many women have is about their arms, which, instead of being smooth, have, especially in the upper part, above the elbows, rather what is called a goose-ossy appearance, which gives them a coarse, rough look.

MUD FACE BATHS.

The latest fad of fashionable ladies in search of beautiful complexions is mud—plain, dirty, sticky mud. The idea is by no means new, but it is the first time that society has accepted it as a skin beautifier.

A NEW ENGAGEMENT RING.

A Western gentleman has invented an engagement ring that, while it will bring untold joys to the feminine soul, will cause the same amount of anguish to the masculine purse.

Paper Underclothing.

The Japanese are now making underclothing of their finely crimped or grained paper. After the paper has been cut to a pattern, the different parts are sewed together and hemmed, and the places where the buttonholes are to be formed are strengthened with calico or linen.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Chased by a Band of Sioux Indians—Keeper's Nerve When a Lioness Got Loose.

THE real "Deadwood Dick," otherwise Dick Clark, laughingly repudiates most of the deeds and adventures attributed to him by the dollar-a-mile dime novelists, but is willing to admit that he has been in some pretty tight places, and is duly thankful that he lives to tell the tale.

"The tightest pinch I was ever in was in the spring of '73, on a ride from Fort Pembina to Fort Stephenson, away up North. 'Jimmy from Cork,' a well known scout of those days, had the ride to make, and invited me to go along, with the assurance, however, that it would be at the risk of my scalp.

"It was lovely weather when we started, and we had a pleasant, uneventful trip to within a couple of days' ride of the Missouri. Jimmy was jolly company, always telling stories and cracking jokes, like the happy-go-lucky Irishman he was.

"We didn't have much of a start, for by the time we got into the saddle they were within rifle shot of us. As soon as he was mounted Jimmy, who was a splendid marksman, drew a bead on the foremost red and 'got' him—and for a moonlight shot from the back of a nervous horse I thought it was pretty good.

"Our objective point was a place known to Jimmy as the 'Dog's Den,' about sixty miles from where the reds flushed us; and the question was uppermost all the time, Can we make it? Well, to make a long story short, we did make it, running right through another bunch of Sioux to get there, just as we began to think ourselves safe.

"All day we stood off the crowd without much trouble, but when the shadows began to lengthen we got uneasy, for we knew we couldn't hold out against so many in the dark. We had done it for the hour or so before daylight, but we couldn't do it all night.

"For about an hour we rode, with the red rascals none too far behind, and taking an occasional shot at us, until we came suddenly to a little stream that flowed toward the Big Chyenne.

"It looked as though we must surely die, in one way or another, but we intended to die fighting. We found a place where, by going down the bank carefully, we could get into the creek bed. Then we set a back fire, and another on the opposite side of the creek, after which we got into the water, with nothing but our faces out, and waited for the big fire to come along.

"It came, along with a pelting storm of flying, burning missiles. It jumped the creek and presently petered out, but not until the terrible heat had singed off our whiskers and the hair our hats didn't cover and the smoke had almost suffocated us. After it was over we got out and reconnoitered, but there was no sign of the Indians, and we decided they must be waiting for the ground to cool before coming to find our charred and blackened remains.

sumed our trip toward the head waters of the Jim, and in a few hours we came upon the camp of some friendly half breeds—eleven of them—who were hunting horses that had been stampeded by the Indians.

"The half breeds were game, however, and told them to stand back and fight; they wouldn't deliver us worth a cent. The messengers went back and reported, and they charged on us in the buffalo wallows, with the result that we emptied three or four saddles.

"Then followed as pretty a fight as ever I care to see. They were four to one, at least; but while a half dozen of us remained entrenched and did effective shooting at the least possible risk to ourselves, the others got out and fought them Indian fashion by riding around them and harassing them, flank and rear.

"Jimmy and I reached the post all right, but pretty badly scorched and shaken up. We parted there, and I did not see 'Jimmy from Cork' again until 1876, when he was at Crook City, in the Black Hills. He left there to join General Terry, and died a little later at Fort Buford."

An Animal Keeper's Nerve.

"There was a man travelling with us some twenty years ago, an Englishman named Wilcox, who came to this country when quite a boy and grew up a pretty good American. He was a helper around the animals, and somehow he went to England and got a job with the old Wombwell Menagerie, long before it was sold to Manders.

"When the split occurred he went to the big Bellevue Garden at Manchester with some of the animals the proprietors had bought. He soon rose to be head man over the lions, tigers, &c., and had a house in a pretty little garden just within the great wall, near the entrance gate.

"Wilcox slipped on his trousers and shoes, and, despite all his wife could do, he slipped out of the front door of his cottage, hurried around by the private hedge, and in the moonlight went running down through the lines of forging houses for plants, keeping them between him and the gate as much as possible, and so vanished from his wife's sight, in the direction of the lions' house.

"The man bit one of the cub's ears and made it cry out just as the lioness was about crouching for a spring. At that sound she rose, her tail moved softly instead of lashing her sides, and she walked straight to the keeper.

"Not seeing him return his wife sounded the alarm and brought all the helpers to the cottage, and they cautiously went to look for him, and there they found him with a third cub curled up by his side. Well, the matter was of course kept quiet, the under-keeper was severely scolded for carelessly shooting the bolt past the socket instead of into it, and as for Wilcox they gave him a present of \$2500, and his place was sold for keeps.

A New Soap Invention.

It is said that a French chemist has made a blue soap which will render unnecessary the bluing in the laundry. In ordinary soap he incorporates a solution of aniline green in strong acetic acid. The alkali of the soap converts the green into blue.



GIVE THE HOG A CHANCE.

There is encouragement in the general acquiescence in the policy of giving swine range—plenty of grass and clover, and less of the everlasting corn diet. We no longer aim at masses of living lard. The better methods are giving us pork which is fit for use, and is largely increasing the demand for the products of this profitable animal.

ORNAMENTAL TREES AND SHRUBS.

There is a great difference of opinion as to what trees are the most suitable for ornamental planting. It is, however, admitted that it is desirable to plant trees in parks, about homes, roadsides and waste places. Among the most beautiful ornamental trees are the American white elm, white ash, and sugar maple.

PACKING AND SHIPPING BEES.

An apiarist gives the following directions for packing and shipping bees: The manner of packing depends somewhat upon the kind of hive, and to some extent on the season of the year. They can be shipped any time of the year when bees are flying.

GOOD ROADS VS. BAD ROADS.

The present state of our common roads ought to stimulate any public spirit that may still exist among our farmers, writes Samuel Sennett. Oh, such beds of mire, or frozen masses like loads of stones dumped on the roads, are the character of the roads in nearly every vicinity.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

It costs just as much to grow, pack and market poor fruit as good, and sometimes more. A sure cure for pear tree blight—for every one that dies set out two. A pretty good remedy for peach yellows, also.

Why does any one advocate that apple orchards should be set to grass?

Why are they not cultivated and fertilized just as orange and lemon orchards? Farmers go to great trouble and expense to plant apple orchards, and willingly cultivate them until they begin to bear, and then expect nature to keep them producing bountifully.

Do not forget that to make a success of fruit growing or anything else, for that matter, requires that close attention be given to detail, and that lots of intelligent, well directed labor be expended.

Drainage is the first consideration in all road buildings, particularly in gravel roads.

This road question grows so important as I write that I will have to defer further remarks to another letter; in the meantime the farmers should hold meetings to consider the best means to secure better roads, and county conventions should be held to determine on future action.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

POULTRY RAISING.

In the first place a man must possess a certain amount of that carefulness so essential in this branch of business. It is as reasonable to expect corn planted on ground that never was plowed, and that never received any attention until gathering time, to yield well, as to expect to be successful raising poultry by simply turning them out to care for themselves, winter and summer, to procure their food as best they can.

While a certain kind of fowl may do well kept in a certain way on a certain kind of feed, another kind will not seem to thrive at all kept in this way, but should be supplied with something different.

Exercise is an all important factor that must not be lost sight of.

If your fowls are confined to small runs so that they do not get the proper amount of exercise their grain food should be butted under straw and chaff, causing them to hunt it out for themselves; plenty of gravel, ground bone, dust baths, and fresh water, and the last and most important of the list is cleanliness. The utmost cleanliness must be adopted in all things; connected with your fowls, from the roosts to the feed troughs and the coops for the young. Once in shape and then strictly attended to each day will save tenfold the amount of labor required to clean up after things have once become filthy. Watch every point in connection with the matter and in the end success will be yours.—Farm and Ranch.

From the fact that tobacco stems contain a no small per cent. of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and phosphorus, they make an excellent plant food, especially for garden and fruit crops.

It is claimed that a pair of old birds with a nest of young will, in the process of a day's feeding, destroy nearly 1000 insects.

A large number of orchards have never paid, and never will. The most common cause is starvation, for the average farmer who plants an orchard or buys one goes on treating the land as if such a thing did not exist.

Apple trees are slow in coming into bearing, and a crop of peach trees planted between the rows will live their shorter life, bearing several crops of fruit, and be out of the way before the apples crowd them greatly.

The latter will protect the peach trees, while the peaches will check growth in the apples and induce earlier fruitage.

Do not forget that to make a success of fruit growing or anything else, for that matter, requires that close attention be given to detail, and that lots of intelligent, well directed labor be expended.

Trees and plants will not take care of themselves, and the man who is the best posted will be the one to win. To get posted and keep posted, read the horticultural matter.